

or a deep sense of love. The thought has come to me again and again how many are as watchful and wakeful looking for his coming again as I have been these weeks at the side of the companion of my life. It means intensity of desire. Sad, sad the thought that comparatively so few are really and fondly and watchfully looking forward to that most awful and yet most transcendent event of all time, the return of the Lord from heaven.

As is known to most of the dear friends my wife has been sick for nearly a year and during the last seven weeks has been a great sufferer and at this writing, December 19th, she is apparently near the end of her earthly life, being about unconscious and insensible of her surroundings and probably of her sufferings. Having Bright's disease, her case has been hopeless from the beginning, but we were not apprised of the seriousness of her condition until in July while at a sanitarium. Since then she has been looking forward to the end, and with great fortitude and deliberateness, scarcely ever evincing either fear or sorrow. She had cherished the thought that she might pass away without suffering, hence when suffering came she felt a sense of disappointment and unrest, often praying that the end might speedily come. "Why can't I die," or "Why am I here yet," have become almost commonplace. But the question, Why must I suffer? What have I done? have occasioned the most thought in my mind. Why must we suffer? Many entertain the idea that human suffering is God-imposed by way of chastisement or punishment. I cannot believe that, except in so far as we are made to suffer by wise and necessary laws ordained of God, but not by way of judgment, as the judgment day is yet future. If our bodies were not sensitive to pain we would not know how to take care of them; it is the fear of pain that causes us to avoid sickness or danger and if we could not endure pain we would all die at the first attack of disease or accident, hence suffering is an unavoidable concomitant of human life or all organized life for that matter. When the heart is sound the other parts of the body may be subjected to great pain and suffering and we still live.

Words of sympathy have come to me from many quarters during these days of anxiety. They are all appreciated but how helpless human sympathy is when we once come to face the hard inevitable fact of human life. We need something better, and I am amazed to what degree we may have that when we once need it. "My grace is sufficient for thee" is no idle phrase but a verity that has sustained myself and the dear sufferer thru all these otherwise dark days. Praise his dear name.

Even if in the midst of an avalanche of work He calls you "apart into a desert place to rest awhile," and even if the desert means only a headache, or a rainy day instead of a journey, make no complaint, but follow close.—Anna Warner.

### TRIP TO EUROPE

J. M. TOMBAUGH.

Queenstown, Ireland is an unpretentious city having little to boast of except its magnificent harbor and a new and beautiful cathedral. I had my first view of the city shortly after midnight on the morning of the 15th of August. The Oceanic anchored at the mouth of the harbor, four or five miles from the city, and sent up rockets as a signal for the Queenstown boats to come and take us off. The transfer of passengers, the inspection of our luggage at the custom house, and the search for a hotel consumed so much of the night that there was little time left for sleep; never-the less we were out early in the morning and began sight seeing with a drive about the city on a jaunting car. In the south of Ireland everybody uses the jaunting car, not only in going from place to place in the city, but in making excursions into the country, unless he is going somewhere to which the "train"—as the people call the street cars—will take him. It is a two-wheeled vehicle, without a cover, drawn by one horse. The seats are so arranged that the passengers sit over the wheels, facing outward with their backs toward each other, two passengers on either side, while the driver sits directly behind the horse. It is an odd looking, but remarkably comfortable, vehicle to ride on.

The splendid roads in southern Ireland date from the time of "The Great Famine." The people were destitute; not only had their provisions failed, but all their resources had become exhausted. The British government undertook to supply food for the starving thousands, but wisely insisted that its benefactors should take the form of remuneration for services rendered, rather than an outright gift. So every man, woman and child who could gather loose stones off the fields, or carry them, or cart them to where they were needed, were put to work to make roads.

The net result was, they were tided over the famine, they preserved their self-respect, for they had earned their own living, and they built themselves roads which are to this day the admiration of every one who sees them. The road traveled from Cork to Blarney—on the indispensable jaunting car of course—is a grand one; smooth and solid and wide, and with a stone wall laid up with cement on either side for the greater part of the way. The walls were covered with a luxuriant growth of ivy, and just inside the walls are fine old elm trees whose branches meet in the middle of the road over head. When I called the ivy *English* ivy, the indignant response was: "It's Irish ivy. The English people come over here and take our ivy home and plant it and then call it *English*."

The Irish people, especially in the southern part of the country, have little love for the English. Their complaints are particularly bitter against alien land lordism. The land-lords, they say, collect the rents to the

very last penny and take it to London or Paris, and hardly a farthing of it finds its way back to Ireland again, and so the country is impoverished more and more every year. They imagine that "Home Rule" would be a panacea for all their ills; and when I pointed out to a grumbling, growling, discontented fellow that they had a beautiful country, a fertile soil, a fine climate and a free government and that they ought to be satisfied and happy, he said: "Our country is big enough and rich enough to have a government of its own; we want "Home Rule."

Blarney Castle is an interesting ruin even apart from the Blarney stone. It is a hundred and twenty five feet high and has a magnificent stairway made entirely of stone winding from bottom to top. The earliest date on the castle is 1446. The Blarney stone—to kiss which is supposed to confer glibness of tongue and smooth and flattering speech—is built in the wall of the castle near the top of the tower. I did not kiss it. To do so one must lie down on his back to begin the performance, then two people hold his legs and let him down head foremost, outside of the wall, nearly his full length. Then while in this position he must turn his head so as to bring his mouth in contact with the bottom of the stone—which is the part supposed to possess all the efficacy—and all this at a height of a hundred and twenty-five feet above the ground. At the World's Fair at Chicago in '93, there was on exhibition what was said to be the Blarney stone, but it was, as some wittily said, only an Irish *sham rock*! The Blarney stone has never been removed from its original place in the wall.

From Cork we went to Killarney to see the famous lakes of that name. After riding eight or nine miles the road became so rough and narrow that the jaunting car could go no farther, and we sent it back and continued the journey afoot. Our way was through the Gap of Dunloe; the most picturesque and striking bit of scenery in all Ireland. It is a very rugged, narrow glen about three miles long, and is flanked on either side by the Purple Mountains and Mac Gillycuddy's Peaks. The mountain walls are nearly two thousand feet high, and as the valley between them is quite narrow, some strange and interesting effects of light and shade are seen. The echoes too are marvelous. A little cannon which was fired for our benefit, filled the whole valley with a crashing roar of reverberations as tho an artillery battle was in progress; and when a young man played a few notes on a cornet, the echoes were so multiplied that it seemed that every rock and crag on the whole mountain side concealed a musician, and that each of them were imitating, in his own way, the original notes. One mountain wall caught up the sound and flung it back; the other hurled it across the narrow valley again somewhat fainter than before, and so back and forth the melody flew, softer, mel-